

CHURCH MATTERS.

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school at 12 M. Sunday-school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simon, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meetings, Thursday evenings at 7:45. Classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Second service, 7:30 P. M., except First Sunday in month, when it is at 3:45 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

HOPKIN CHAPEL—Sunday school, every Sabbath at 3:30 P. M. John G. Brightman, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8:30 A. M. High mass, 10:30 A. M. Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school, 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meeting on Thursday evening at 7:45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watseissing).—Rev. Daniel L. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; evening service, 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of prayer, 10:30 A. M. Sunday school, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:45 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Saturday evening.

tenfold to our numbers. No my friends, instead of committing suicide in that reckless fashion, you will, before the next election, be holding out both hands to us with all manner of invitations and fair promises. You cannot afford to make the party that elected Abraham Lincoln an ally of the worst despotism of darkness and death on this continent.

Please remember how many reasons you gave us for declaring our independence and voting for St. John. Your convention at Chicago refused to submit to the people the question of protection from the liquor traffic, you kicked John Chinaman with one foot and with the other; your candidate deliberately dodged the question of "prohibition" at the polls in Augusta, and then his friends asked us to sustain him! You put into your platform last year, in the State of New York, a pledge to submit the question of prohibition to the people, and your Republic can Legislature violated that pledge. In some Statesthe Republican party have acted nobly in passing enactments for curtailing the rum-power; in other States they have repealed prohibitory laws! At the South the Democrats have done more for temperance than you have done. These are all solid incontestable facts; they warranted us in supporting St. John; they ought to warn you not to move one inch farther in the direction of denouncing Prohibitionists and carrying Republicanism over to an unholy alliance with the rum-power. Brethren it won't pay. Please remember also that this whole question of dealing with the whiskey rings and the drum-shops oligarchy has come into politics, and come to stay. It must either stay *inside* or else *outside* of the old "party of moral ideas." It is for thoughtful and conscientious Republicans to consider this carefully and decide whether there is room for this great vital question in a party that was originally formed to vindicate and support free thought, free speech, free soil, and free labor.

So much for the political outlook. I am, as the readers of this journal know, not an ultra extravagant Prohibitionist. I firmly believe that deeper down yet than legal enactments lies the great principle of *total abstinence* and the other principle of undermining the drink-usages by appeals to personal conscience. At this moment the temperature reform is mainly a moral, a social, and a truly religious movement. It relies on Gospel truth and the great basis of brotherly love. It aims to save the children, to guard our tempted youth, to reform drunkards, to protect homes from the curse of the cup, and to overthrow the drinking customs of society. Here surely is a field for good men and women of all parties or of no party.

The passions of a political canvass will soon subside, and then there will remain a mighty evil to be fought and a mighty work to be done for God and our country. For one, I am ready to join hands with Republicans, or Democrats, or Prohibitionists, with Protestants or Roman Catholics, in all honest efforts to save our countrymen and countrywomen from the colossal curse of strong drink. On the broad platform of total abstinence we can stand together, and stand until death discharges us from the post of duty.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Among the thought of but irresistible influences that help to build up character, that of familiar sayings and proverbs holds a high place. They are so often on the lips and in the ears that they cannot but sink deep in the mind, and all unconsciously to those who repeat or listen to them they become a part of their unwritten creed and a moving power in their lives. Much good has been done in this way. The homely and health maxims of Franklin have helped many a youth to be thrifty and industrious, meanness and deceit that more lengthily advised, and the number of the wounds, and the number of the "missing." In one direction alone about 150,000 voters are missing from their old places; they have not run away as cowards, but have marched off under the banner of prohibition and given their ballots to Gov. St. John and Mr. Daniel. We do not pretend that every man who voted that ticket was a Prohibitionist in sentiment; for some Republicans who were opposed to Mr. Blaine and to the platform of the Chicago convention dropped a quiet vote for St. John simply to attest that they were "bolters." On the other hand, thousands of Prohibitionists—especially in Maine and in Georgia—gave their suffrages to either Mr. Blaine or Gov. Cleveland. The fact stands out before the nation that, in spite of all the prostration and the "whipping-in" process, 150,000 electors were willing to stand up and be counted as freemen, and opposed to the rum-and-rum oligarchy.

But the most striking feature of the late conflict is the soreness of the "wounded" in the Republican army towards the supporters of St. John and Daniel. Their paper men with denunciations of the "temperance fools" and "fanatics." In some places Gov. St. John, having run so well at the poles, has been run up on the telegraph poles, and hung there in effigy as a terrible warning to traitors and deserters. We do not learn that any such compliments have been paid to Ggo. Wm. Curtis or Carl Schurz, although those deserters went over openly and fought for Cleveland. It is mainly to ward us cold-war fanatics that the wrath is so bitter and so burning. Temperance meetings since the election have been either suspended in some localities or thinly attended on account of this hostility. Most amazing of all, many indignant Republicans have loudly threatened to "vote for license" hereafter in order to punish the "fanatics" who cared more for conscience than for old party names and for dead issues.

The writer of this article is an old fashioned Republican "dyed in the wool" from the start, and I say to my old Republican friends. You are not going to do any such thing! When you have come to your sober second-thought you will discover that the Republican party was founded on the principles of free thought, free labor, and free speech. It was built on great moral ideas. The moment you attempt to make it a tyrannical machine to crush out freedom of conscience and to punish freedom of thought you will kill it past all recovery or resurrection. The moment you attempt to make it a party "for license," of dram dealers, and carry it even temporarily over to the whiskey oligarchy, you will not only repel for ever every Prohibitionist, but will add consistent, set his face against all possible

sowing of wild oats. Thomas Hughes writes thus on this point: "What a man, young, old or middle-aged, sows, that and nothing else shall reap. The one thing to do with wild oats is to pull them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, a crop which it makes one's heart cold to think of. * * * You and nobody else will have to reap them, and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day."

The core of evil that lies at the heart of this saying is the light and trifling view it takes of wrong doing. No serious argument to make wrong appear right would have half as much effect in sending a youth into evil courses as the carelessness world that depicts sin of any kind as a light and trivial matter. If anything in the world demands serious treatment, it is wrong doing in all its forms, and he who speaks of it with levity or indifference, strikes a blow at the very foundations of morality and human welfare. Let us rather encourage in the heart of youth the utmost reverence for character, the deepest love of truth, purity and justice, and the firm conviction that only as they cling to principles of honor and self-command, and follow their highest ideal of the good and the true, can their lives become rich, valuable and happy.

—Bob Burdette's Advice.

Bob Burdette gives the following seasonable advice to the young men:

My boy, this is about the time of the year when you "swear off." It is an annual custom. Usually it lasts about as long as the oath you take. Now I want you to listen to me:

Don't swear off. In heaven's name don't swear off.

Just quit. Without oath, resolution or promise. Simply quit. If you have a young man's weakness for wine, beer or whisky, as the railroad man says, "shut her off." Simply quit it. Stop it. Leave it.

There is no trouble about it. Let me tell you, there is no harm in whisky. It does not and it cannot hurt you if you do not drink it. That's all you have to do. Don't be a "fanatic." Don't be a "reformer." Don't be a "prohibitionist lunatic." Just simply don't drink and all the whisky in America can't make you drunk if you don't drink any of it. Whisky never yet hurt a man who didn't drink it.

Do you know, my boy, there never was a man in America who drank whisky because he liked it? I don't believe there ever was such a man. He drinks for good fellowship; for good company; because other men drink with him.

So, my boy, begin this year by being yourself. Be a man. Love honor and honesty and truth because their own sake is pure and soul-ed. Don't be honest because the mean sneaking old adage says "Honesty is the best policy." Honesty isn't the best policy, my boy. It isn't any kind of policy at all. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie; if you can't be honest because you love honesty for its own sake; don't be honest. Be a rascal. That's what you're cut out for. The man who is honest just because he thinks "honesty is the best policy," is a man you can trust, just as long as you can clutch your fingers in his throat. Honesty isn't a "policy," my boy; it is a principle. So, be honest with yourself; be true to yourself, and as the new year opens, make your good resolutions quietly, softly, only between yourself and the God who knows and hears you. Be honest with the world, and the dear, wicked, dissipated, loving old world will be true to you.

—Onida Community.

Of the 289 persons belonging to the old community at the time of "division and reorganization," four live in Boston, eight in New York city, one in New Jersey, ten in the town of Oneida, four in the village of Oneida Castle, twenty-two live in houses of their own near the community, and are employed more or less in the business of the Oneida community, limited; twenty-seven including accessions by birth, gathered around a Christmas tree in a small house in southern California, the house standing on a great plain, stretching ten miles to the Pacific ocean one way and ten miles the other way to the inclosing "foot hills," a mountain peak sixty miles away, emphasizing the whole; three in Lockport, fifty at Niagara Falls, attracted thither partly by the presence of J. H. Noyes and partly by the table-ware business, which pays out \$3,000 a month in wages, and the rest of them live here in what are called the "home building" and enjoy many of the old comforts and advantages, steam-heated rooms, hot and cold baths, Turkish bath, library and reading room, lawns and flower gardens. The greater part of those living in these buildings board in a common dining room, conducted by private parties in much the same spirit that prevailed in the old community. There are seven or eight families that keep house separately, besides a few solitary individuals who board themselves with out very visible connection with a cooking stove. The "restaurant plan" was tried and abandoned in 1881. It was not with out its merits, but old habit and feeling were against it. I should add that five old communists live on the seashore in Connecticut; that two are printers in Cincinnati, and that one is at Wallingford, Conn., taking care of the company's property at that place. Nearly all the people who have "gone out" are living in homes built or bought by themselves. The money that is made in the company business and distributed as dividends is now spent in divers places. It was formerly spent here. In this respect, the change from community to joint stock has not been good for this region. Two-thirds of the stock of the Oneida community, limited, is more or less under the influence of J. H. Noyes and his sympathizers. Thirty or more of his most religious friends hold semi-monthly meetings here to keep in communication with one another and with him. He has a weekly gathering at his own house in Canada, Sundays. Some of the long-headed ones are predicting that the dispersion will spend itself, and we shall soon see a wave of returning adventurers. Some may think he shall also repeat. Whoever believes that heartily and earnestly must, if he be at all consistent, set his face against all possible

now it is going to be a era of art and music and good feeling, without this plague of discipline. We have not the standing place of the prophets. These former communists are certainly more or less held together and kept separate by their common history and association, and perhaps, too, by the fact that there are among them between thirty and forty persons who have a common blood, and are variously related to most of the others. Something may come of this fact—perhaps nothing but intermarriages—perhaps more.

—Leprosy Microbes.

A gentleman recently arrived from the Hawaiian Islands states that for the first time in the history of the islands the whites have become thoroughly excited over the subject of leprosy. The disease is increasing rapidly, lepers being frequently seen on the streets of Honolulu, and in all the early stages of the disease. The general opinion has been that the disease is not contagious, but of late those who have closely studied the matter are coming to another conclusion. One of the beliefs is that no American or European of the brunet type can contract the disease, for no case has been known among them. Among the fair-haired Scandinavians, however, the leprosy is prevalent, not only at the islands, but in their native country. This fact has led to the belief that the disease is first engendered by climatic conditions, the sanitary condition of the surroundings and the character of the food eaten. It is a curious fact that the children of lepers often do not develop the disease, while their children do; and in families where there have been leprosy some of the children become lepers. It will be remembered that a white child suffering from leprosy was brought to this city from the islands some time ago, and recently died. She was one of three children, all of whom had the disease, contracted, it is believed, through vaccination.

The physicians on the islands have been giving careful study to the subject, and it is believed that they have discovered the microbe. At any rate, experiments are being made with something that has been discovered, and an effort has been made to cultivate the microbe, that vaccination for leprosy may be practiced. An experiment is now being tried in the case of a condemned criminal, who has been inoculated, and whose case will be carefully studied, in the hope that something definite may be learned concerning the dread disease. So much attention has been given to the subject in Honolulu, and the disease spreading so fast, that the white population, as above stated, has become aroused to the necessity for doing something to protect themselves.

—Sowing Wild Oats.

The Judge settled up the estate, secured her little patrimony to her daughter, and finally surrendered to her beauty and merit and married her. The match turned out most happily.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce that, beginning with the February number of their descriptive literary journal, *The Book Buyer*, they propose to enlarge its scope to cover every important book published in America, and a good many of those of foreign origin. While it will keep strictly in the line of descriptive notices, everything which it prints will be specially prepared for its columns and by competent hands. With the exception of eclectic journals and trade papers no periodical professing a similar aim, the publishers say, is issued. It will give a large amount of valuable literary information in a compact and readable form, and it appeals to those who have little time to devote to a literary journal, but who care to know what is going on in the world of books. It is issued monthly, and the price is 50 cents a year. Messrs. Scribner will be happy to send a specimen copy to any one interested.

—A woman of Greenwood, Me., is reported to be cutting her fourth set of teeth.

Lundborg's Perfume, Moline.

Lundborg's Perfume, Marcelline Neil Rose.

Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Rose.

Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

—W. COTTER, PHOTOGRAPHER, Cadmus Building, Cor. Washington St. and Bloomfield Ave., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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